CANDOUR The British Views-Letter

To defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance

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A.K's TESTIMONY

OCTOBER 1988 is the 35th anniversary of this journal. Since the death in 1973 of A.K. Chesterton, our founder, we have kept his offspring in being. In the words of one of our faithful supporters, "that is the only tribute that he would really appreciate." It may seem to some of us, however, that the desperate war he taught us how to fight is in the doldrums. Support, not just for Candour but for the whole patriotic Cause, still comes from "those who have seen" and have believed. For 35 years we have tried to influence the top and/or the many, with little to show but survival. There comes a time when all soldiers wearily ask themselves how and why they should go on. Yet let us remember that no war is ever lost until one side or the other lays down its arms. This "personal note" by A.K. Chesterton shows why we should not - now or ever.

WHAT is one to say of the man who has no romantic vision of his country's past, who feels no emotional involvement in its present, who has no aspiration for the splendour of its future? One thing is certain. He is either a prig who, disdaining his kinship, is fit only for the uprooted, traditionless, shiftless existence of Cosmopolis, or he is a materialistic clod who deserves no better than to be swallowed alive by Communism. Between Cosmopolis and Communism there will one day be no dividing line.

To test the truth of these things it is necessary to recall the spirit of times past, which in essence is to recapture something of the emotional climate of one's own youth. For those of us who were born around the turn of the century it cannot be a pleasurable experience. We can only reflect in amazement and perplexity upon the changes which the intervening years have brought, changes not only in national fortune but in the entire shape and colour and "feel" of life.

In the days of our nonage standardisation had not yet become a social and political ideal. It was still possible to think romantically of the peoples of the earth. I remember my early conception of the French as a comically gifted race whose particular and deeply impressive genius lay in their capacity to eat frogs. The supreme function of Germany was to fill our streets with the brave music of peripatetic brass bands. Italy's sumptuous contribution to a small boy's world was the organ-grinder and his monkey. My romantic vision glowed ever more brightly the further afield it wandered. In my mind's ear I could hear the throbbing drums of Africa speaking through the night. In my mind's eye I could see the Red Indian brave scanning the plains from his mountain fastness. I thought with fascination of Burma, of Siam, of Peru, of coral islands in the South Seas.

RICH DIVERSITY

On growing older my admiration sought other objects, but the delicious wonder at the rich diversities of race did not cease to enthral me. The graciousness of France, the clarity and wit and flair for living of the French people; the incredible fecundity of the Italian spirit; indeed, the splendour and manifold distinctions of the European genius—one rejoiced in these things because one knew them to be a part of the common heritage of mankind.

Because we appreciated the achievements and familiar things of the men of other lands, the prouder we became of what our own kinsmen were and what they had achieved.

Our Imperial destiny, as it seemed to us, was essentially a projection and intensification of this feeling of kinship.

In a sense which the Bloomsbury decadent who prates of "one world" will never understand, the Sikh was our brother. So were the Gurkha, the Zulu, the South Sea Islander.

Today the vision has faded. The poetry of peoples is heard no more. What chance, anyway, would it have against the universal saxophone? The explanation, I am sure, is not that we have grown older. Age tends rather to deepen than to destroy one's sense of mystery and enchantment. But for those of our generation who have lived through so much disillusionment the particular kind of ecstasy of which I have been writing is dead, and we shall never know its like again. Though we set foot in Burma or on some far-off coral strand we know that the first sight to greet our eyes may well be a derelict Japanese tank rusting among the foliage, and that our first welcome may well be from a truculent, cloth-capped proletariat shaking clenched fists in salute. The heartache nearer home will be even more poignant. Ill fares the mind as it roams across the Seine and the Loire, the Rhine and the Rhone and the Elbe, the Danube and the Volga. It finds the demoralised peoples everywhere in flight from their own national individuality and aspiration. Germany is as much a wilderness of the spirit as it was a wilderness of rubble. La belle France? The words are a mockery. It is against the background of ruin that the plight of Britain must be studied. Nobody could expect her to have preserved herself intact amidst what seems to be the crumbling of our entire civilisation.

TURBULENT AGE

When I was an infant in arms, my country became engaged in activities by no means universally approved. There were many protests as she deployed her soldiers across the veldt to win political control of the Transvaal goldfields for the Rand millionaires, but none more vehement than those which appeared in a London newspaper above the hitherto unknown initials "G.K.C." On reaching an age to comprehend these matters, I soon grasped the central truth of my great kinsman's teachings about the Boer War, even if I was later unable to agree with all its implications. It seemed to me that *Little England* could be built only on the corpses of forty million people starved to death. This difference in final attitude may be that, born twenty-five years later than Gilbert, and therefore more authentically the child of our turbulent and revolutionary age, I was taught a sharper lesson of the nature of power. My boyhood was foreshortened; all too brief were my brisk winter afternoons on the Rugby field, my tranquil summer evenings at the wicket or the nets. At sixteen I was a private soldier, fighting in the blistering wilderness of German East Africa. At nineteen I was the commander of a company flung across the Hindenburg Line. At twenty-two, I led a charge against Red revolutionaries in the streets of Johannesburg. At forty-two I was in the vanguard of the British Advance into Somaliland and Abyssinia. Is it any wonder that my mind should have been shaped less by the ideal than by the real, or that I should have been more impressed by the harshness of the laws governing national survival than was my great cousin, who lived bravely and constantly in the light of the ideal? Having observed the prodigious efforts of my fellow countrymen in two great wars, having seen so many of the best of them die, and having given so many of my own years to battle, I make no apology for the emotion of anger when I think that all the untold sacrifice was used as the means of betraying the people who made it.

G. K. Chesterton saw clearly to what base purposes this not ignoble country was suborned in 1899, but he failed to see that by 1919 Cosmopolis had cashed in even more thoroughly upon the million British slain of that war. By 1939 he was dead, and so spared the sight of the manhood of Britain again being forged into an instrument of steel for service in a war from which it had nothing to gain and everything to lose. And everything, or almost everything it has duly lost. The triumphant victories of our fighting forces were really crushing defeats which, not without calculation—as Churchill's Atlantic meeting with Roosevelt showed—have brought us to the brink of impotence and ruin upon which we now stand.

Great Britain is a small, over-industrialised, over-populated island of 50,000,000 souls. There is no people in the world so vulnerable to blockade, so dependent upon their own sources of raw materials overseas, so compelled by geographical and historical necessity to maintain power abroad. It was no accident that led the peoples of these lands to build up healthy, flourishing nations all over the

world. Had there been no overflowing of our stocks into America. Australasia, Africa and elsewhere, and had others monopolised the development of Asia, on how vast a scale would life have been denied to our posterity! Were there not left to Britain some Imperial Preferences and a sterling area to preserve us against the stampedes of international finance, how inevitable would we already have become an economic slum appendage of Moscow or New York! Yet this vital sovereignty, which we have struggled so long and wearily to sustain, has been under constant attack from abroad, and has been surrendered, not only by the cowardly pack of Fabians, pacifists and professional revolutionaries who gained power in 1945, but no less, in principle, and perhaps even more, by those whose pretension it is to conserve our heritage.

The active agents of our decay were long ago indicated by G. K. Chesterton in *The Secret People*:

We only know that the last sad squires ride
slowly towards the sea,
And a new people take the land, and still it
is not we.
They have given us into the hands of the new,
unhappy lords,
Lords without honour or anger, who dare not
carry their swords.
They fight by shuffling papers; they have dead
black alien eyes,
They look at our labour and laughter as a
tired man looks at flies.

These are the lords of Cosmopolis who have battened upon our victories and used them for our destruction. G.K.C. believed the process to have begun in the Napoleonic wars:

Our patch of glory ended, we never heard
guns again,
But the Squire seemed stuck in the saddle;
he was foolish, as if in pain,
He leaned on a staggering lawyer, he clutched
at a cringing Jew;
He was stricken; it may be, after all, he was
stricken at Waterloo.

IN THE GRIP OF USURY

However that may be, there is no doubt about what happened after the late Lord Reading, in 1917, borrowed from his co-racials in Wall Street £1,000,000,000 which he promised that Britain would repay on demand and in gold—which she did not happen to possess. Britain, having outlived her usefulness to the great financial interests, was now ripe for liquidation. She was forced to drop the Anglo-Japanese Alliance that had kept the peace in the Far East. She was compelled to relinquish the command of the seas upon which her life depended. She received orders from New York, in the great depression, to make the financial cuts which led to the naval mutiny at Invergordon. And when, in desperation, she tried at Ottawa to insulate herself against the brigandage and chaos of world finance, she created a conflict that has lasted to the present day, with a progressive yielding of her self-sufficiency as a result of American pressure exerted at Bretton Woods, Havana, Geneva and Torquay.

Since the last war, indeed, Britain has been fooled and tormented beyond endurance by all the international agencies brought into being by Wall Street to secure the economic and political domination of the world. Although she was the second largest contributor to U.N.R.R.A., those funds—as her leaders must have known—were used both to defeat her policy by financing the mass migration to Palestine from all over Europe, including Russia, and to bolster the economies of Eastern Europe, as part of the Communist conspiracy hatched at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam between Stalin and Roosevelt's sinister entourage. Since then she has been Marshall-aided and Defence-aided into almost complete dependence upon the whim of American finance-capitalism, and regimented under the Atlantic Pact until there is no tactical or strategical move she may make without permission from her master. The reader cannot but grant that the tremendous efforts for survival made by the British people have been but shabbily rewarded by false allies and deplorable leadership.

On her home front the lords of Cosmopolis have been no less busy. Their competitors, the honest-to-goodness British industrialists, whose goods were once renowned for their quality throughout the world, have been, and are being, dispossessed either by nationalisation or by a system of calculated discrimination in the allotment of raw materials and general priorities. Concurrently, because of all-powerful official patronage, there is being created a largely alien plutocracy which, unless trends are reversed, must soon establish a complete masterdom in every department of the national life. Indeed, there beset us even worse things—international patronage and centralisation of power.

It is not surprising under this alien dispensation, that the traditional British values should be systematically derided and eroded. Our craftsmanship is still second to none, but because of those who exploit it there can no longer always be placed dependence upon the quality of the goods exported in our name.

HOPE REMAINS

Everything that can serve to discourage the great virtues is sure of a welcome in our fallen times. Everything that can be said to discredit nationhood—our own and everybody else's—is heard constantly on the lips of our pundits and blared forth by the B.B.C. There is no half-baked international concept that is not employed to soften us up, that we may become the crushed and servile inmates of the *International Welfare State*—which is how "the new unhappy lords" are trying to disguise their cosmopolitan Empire. If that Empire is allowed to consolidate its position, there will be no place in it for the glories of European civilisation. And it is no consolation that Britain does not face the abyss alone.

This may seem a very gloomy picture which I have painted. I believe, nevertheless, that it is in all essentials true. Yet the gloom is not unrelieved. We are still a virile people—as good a people, I like to think, as will be found anywhere on earth. Given leadership with half an ounce of moral courage, we can still prevail over the Levantine influences which debase our values and choke to death our distinctive nationhood. Those of us who have struggled, in peace and war, through so many years on behalf of our national survival, can at least continue the struggle as long as our strength endures.

It should not be assumed that we fight a losing battle. By no means. We cannot recreate the past, nor would it be desirable if we could, but at least we can rescue from oblivion the tried and tested virtues of the past, the values which enabled our forefathers to defend for a thousand years our island independence and to carry our law and our language to the ends of the earth. Thus spiritually armed we can face with confident eyes the task of insulating ourselves from the progressive decay and anarchy of Cosmopolis, and in so doing perhaps again restore stability and sanity and rich diversity to the races of mankind. But we cannot fight decay by merging with it, any more than we can resist the onrush of materialism by deriding or neglecting the sweep and surge and splendour of patriotism. If we cannot be true to our own kin, the sharers of our heritage, to whom can we be true? If we cannot give a thought to our own posterity, that they may inherit the best that the past can bestow, of what use will be our thoughts for the posterity of others? If we cannot be loyal to each other, of what worth is our loyalty? If our own Queen cannot depend upon us, our allegiance to any cause will be but a brittle thing and we but poor creatures.

Our chief enemy is fear. It is an enemy which Britons hitherto have been wont to overcome.

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CUT AND THRUST

by JANUS

THE ruling that gypsies are a distinct racial group covered by the Race Relations Act has apparently delighted officials of the Commission for Racial Equality. Well, it would, wouldn't it? It's their bread and butter, after all. The trouble arose originally when a publican put up a notice saying "No travellers". For a long time now some pubs have had a notice "No coaches". But people in coaches are surely travellers? This is obviously a matter of legal complexity which can only be decided by the House of Lords.

There is a second point. As more and more people qualify as members of a distinct racial group we shall reach the stage where everyone can claim membership of one lot or the other (except for the English, of course, who are barred). But there are doubtless Irish or Scots gypsies or bods who are Moslem and Black. How is one to decide between conflicting claims? The simplest way would be to award points for each social "disability", and multiple ones if need be. Thus a disabled, single-parent lesbian of illegitimate birth whose parents were Black/Chinese on one side and Melanesian/Hindu on the other and who is a Buddhist by religion, would clock up such a score that she would be almost certain of a life peerage for the asking! (Almost forgot: AIDS sufferers would merit several more brownie points.) Incidentally, what would happen if a girl claimed that her superior, a lesbian, was guilty of sexual harrassment? Or would the girl herself end up out of a job for displaying "hetero-sexism" in fending off the dyke's advances? It's a very subtle point of law, you know!

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I MUST say I found the pictures of the Democratic and Republican conventions quite depressing. Someone is chosen who might well become, theoretically at any rate, one of the most powerful men in the world. And the proceedings were more suited to a three ring circus. However, we cannot say too much. We have enough clowns of our own in the Westminster Big Top and now I see from the **Sunday Telegraph** that Tory Central Office sent a publicity team to the two conventions in order to pinch ideas for their next election campaign. Apparently Maggie is determined that the Tories' 1992 election bandwagon should have "all the administrative support and glitz which have long been features of American presidential campaigns."

As for the current campaign, did you know this biographical point about candidate Dukakis? Let American syndicated columnist, Richard Reeves, speak for himself: "I never got Dukakis until the other night. He seemed very familiar to me, but I didn't know why...Then Chris Lydon, the anchorman of W.G.B.H., the public television station in Boston, a friend since we were both political reporters on **The New York Times**, said: 'He's not an ethnic. What he really is, is a good little Jewish boy from Brookline. The first one in with his homework; the first one with his hand up...Lydon then went over the recent political history of Brookline (which he saw as the biography of Dukakis) and the struggle of young Jewish reformers with names such as Kaplan and Cohen (and Dukakis) campaigning door-to-door to take over the town from old Yankee patricians and Irish hacks. That, Lydon thought, was the formative

experience of Dukakis' life - and it was also the time he married his wife, Kitty, who is Jewish. That rang true to me...." A protective ring seemed to be thrown around Dukakis by the liberal press as soon as this issue of his ethnicity was raised: Richard Reeves found his column censored out of many publications which normally carry it. Now, can you think of any reason for that?

* * * *

SEEN on television news in one day: an I.R.A. parade in London being protected by English policemen from the attentions of a group of N.F. patriots; an I.R.A. leader in Belfast, within hours of the murder of an unarmed British soldier driving back to England, boasting to a cheering crowd of the "continental battalions" of the I.R.A. in Germany, Holland and Belgium. There were, naturally, security forces in attendance nearby in case of trouble (such as someone trying to give the speaker his rightful come-uppance?). Is there any other country in the world where a terrorist can openly boast of murder before an applauding rally and not be arrested? I suppose that it is only a matter of time before Gerry Adams, the Sinn Fein leader, will be entitled to a couple of Special Branch men to act as bodyguards.

A few weeks on, following the brutal murder of the eight boy-soldiers of the Light Infantry, we find Tom King, the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, ordering yet another security review. And what will it amount to? More tired rhetoric and ineffective measures, like asking Sinn Fein candidates to take an election pledge "renouncing violence"! I was staggered to read in the **Sunday Telegraph** that if Army intelligence is correct, the I.R.A. consists of no more than 260 active members and it is tying up 12,000 troops, 8,000 R.U.C. officers, 6,000 U.D.R. men and unspecified contingents from the S.A.S., M.I.5. and G.C.H.Q! That means the Republicans are doing better, proportionately, than the British Special Operations Executive (S.O.E.) did against the Germans in occupied France during the last war.

The <u>only</u> effective way of stamping out the terrorism of the I.R.A. (save the rare occasions when the valiant lads of the S.A.S. are allowed to seize the terrorists by the throat and finish them off) is to deal out to its adherents the penalty of the traitor. The I.R.A. is guilty of levying war against the Queen in her realm and under the Treason Act of 1371 the penalty is still death. The left-wing riff-raff inside and out of the Labour Party who give aid and comfort to the enemies of the Queen, with their chants of "Troops out!" and "Victory to the I.R.A.!", should also be rounded up and dealt with summarily.

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AN old booklet I once came across, **Freemasonry and the Anti-Christian Movement**, refers to the Fenians (also known as the Irish Republican Brotherhood, from which the I.R.A. developed). The author quotes from **Acta Sanctae Sedis** of 13th July, 1865, in which the editor of that paper, an official organ of the Papacy, comments on a reply made by the Holy Office to a number of U.S. Bishops who had asked whether Catholics could have anything to do with the Fenians. The editor, writing of the secret societies in general, but in the context of this query about the Fenians, says that one may well believe "that Satan himself, even by his physical co-operation, directs and inspires at least the leaders of these bodies, physically co-operating with them." Of course, the Fen-

ians' I.R.A. successors, with their masonic history, have now gone over to Communism, which is equally inspired by Satan. When will the Catholic hierarchy in Ireland emulate the prescience of the Holy See 120 years ago and condemn and excommunicate I.R.A. leaders and supporters? Or will they continue to twist and turn, not knowing who to condemn or recognise, contenting themselves with meaningless blanket attacks on the use of violence? As the Abbe de Nantes once observed, violence is wrong only when applied to the wrong end and when it is out of proportion to the aim pursued.

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NAMES - that is, Proper Names - have a strange way of somehow matching their circumstances or significance. Cardinal Sin would seem to be the great exemplar of this, I suppose; so much so that the more sensitive among us refrained from making cracks thereon - too obvious, too cela va sans dire. The grimly comic opposite case, so topical, concerns the massive slaughter that has taken place in Burundi. One black tribe, the master race, with quite different physical (and mental?) characteristics to the other, has had a go at the more numerous lesser breed. Of course, you'll have noted the Alice in Wonderland names of these tribes when they were solemnly trotted out by the B.B.C. news purveyors: the Tutsies and the Hutus, the former being the violent, naughty boys. I gather that Burundi became independent in 1962 and a republic in 1966. But, alas, the rivalry of the two ethnic groups maintained a continuing climate of violence which, in 1972 alone, was the cause of more than 80,000 deaths. Well, who would have suspected "Tootsies" (one White Man's spelling of the way these unspelt African names <u>sound</u> is no more right or wrong than another's, surely?) of being capable of such things? <u>There</u> is unsuitable nomenclature for you!

None of this racism and genocide must count in the least against the Tootsies and the Hootoos, and a couple of score other "ethnic groups," should they make it as far as our shores, for our liberal establishment would reckon them just as British as dopey Tommy Atkins, whose people have dwelt here for the odd thousand or two years mostly peacefully and without mass slaughters. Point out umpteen cases of African in mortal strife with African and Asian with Asian and it counts not a featherweight. Contrary to what the British Action sticker says, the liberals insist multi-racialism <u>must</u> work. Yet if one rude word is directed at our "minorities" by an indigenous Brit, that is "racism". The "Radio 4 Generation" may have a vote on whether gluttony, sloth or lust is a sin, but who dare question that racism is a sin?

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NOW we are being rapped over the knuckles by a Third World "government" because our Government hasn't spent more of our money in hastening aid to them in the latest of their frequent crises. The Sudan says we have a responsibility because we established cotton-growing there, to make money, on ground that could have grown wheat. The Sudanese rulers are quite blameless, naturally. Seeing that the country has been independent since 1955 - 33 years ago - one asks just how long it takes to change over a cotton field to a wheat field; that is, if one <u>wants</u> to. During this last third of a century they wouldn't have been interested in profiting from cotton, I suppose? Not even to raise funds for arms for their murderous racist war 'twixt their Arab North and Negro South?

THERE has certainly been a drama manufactured over the London Library's T.S. Eliot Memorial Appeal, with the **Jewish Chronicle** claiming that it had unearthed more and more evidence that the distinguished poet "was a champion of fascism during the 1920s and 1930s and that he never renounced his own anti-Semitism." While conceding that Eliot was not part of the Holocaust, that worthy journal's deputy editor told the **Sunday Times**, "He nevertheless was part of a group whose opinions were instrumental in influencing, if not the oven-stokers, then the people who shut the doors on those who could have escaped." What utter nonsense! Whatever inspired the "anti-Semitic" references in Eliot's work, it certainly had nothing to do with the scientific racial dogmatism of the Nazis. Far more likely as a cause was Eliot's preoccupation with the problems of maintaining order and cohesion in society and arresting what he saw as the process of disintegration which had been going on in Europe since that disastrous event known as the Reformation. For Eliot, "the Jew" was seen as the unfortunate symbol of the economic liberalism that he regarded as a prime disorganising force.

Of course, if certain sections of Britain's Jewish community would have us all consign Eliot to oblivion, the process would not stop there. What about all the other writers, particularly in the inter-war period, who sometimes succumbed to "anti-Semitic" sentiments? Often they were the wisest and gentlest of men who counted Jews among their best friends. G.K.Chesterton wasn't afraid to express robust views on Jews and Hilaire Belloc has long lingered in the shadows on that account. So to a much lesser extent have the "Clubland Heroes," Buchan, Sapper and Yates. Their style would go ill today, ruling them out from "decent liberal society" that is seemingly unable to distinguish black from white let along Jew from Christian - but it did not then. One correspondent in **The Times** remarked, "Nobody sends for the men in white coats for anti-Italianism, anti-Hispanicism, anti-Nipponism, or even anti-Americanism." One might add that anti-Germanism is positively encouraged! So why should we denigrate T.S. Eliot morally and generally on the strength of Mr. Blaustein and his Cigar?

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THE S.D.P. is calling for the abolition of the House of Lords on the grounds that it is undemocratic and anachronistic. Those who have watched proceedings in the Upper House on T.V. and listened to broadcasts from the Commons might well consider that as the level of debate, intelligence and behaviour is much higher among their Lordships the S.D.P. is picking on the wrong Chamber. One objection, though not publicly stated, to the televising of the Commons is that were the public to realise what the "Mother of Parliaments" is really like - varying between an M.P. making an impassioned speech to an audience of three (including the Speaker) and a near riot, with schoolboy insults and repartee - people might start wondering whether the taxpayer is getting his money's worth.

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CANADIANS have endured for several years a concerted attack upon freedom of speech and research, as the persecution of Jim Keegstra, Ernst Zundel and our good friend Malcolm Ross testifies. Fearful of the indefatigable stands taken by these patriots, the B'nai B'rith Lodge and other groups have tried to persuade the Federal Government to change the Criminal Code in such a way that it would become a crime to criticize individuals or identifiable groups. Some suggestions include

shifting the burden of proof in cases where the "official" version of history is challenged over to the accused, presuming him to be guilty till he can prove his innocence. Another aspect of this assault on freedom of speech is the censorship and banning of books by Candian Customs. The tactic at first was to link such books with material that is undoubtedly pornographic in nature. The "indecent" epiphet was used as a ruse to ban books which expose the nature and brutality of Communism, which reveal the identity of groups promoting world revolution, or even examine the consequences of Zionist policies in the Middle East.

The behind-the-scenes manipulators have become so confident about lowering their Iron Curtain that an edict entitled "interpretative policy and procedures for the administration of tariff code 9956" has now been issued which gives the Canadian Customs and Excise the right to prohibit publications that "blame an identifiable group for serious economic or social problems...allege that an identifiable group is manipulating media, trade and finance, government or world politics to the detriment of society as a whole...is racially inferior and/or weakens other segments of society...seriously threatens society as a whole." That's now all "hate propaganda," as if you didn't know.

Indeed, I have before me as I write a list of the books prohibited from importation up to December 1987. 21 pages in length, it includes everything from the **Protocols** to such colourful efforts as the **King Khalid Military Academy Quarterly** and **God Wrote the Laws of Segregation and the Ten Commandments on the Two Tablets of Stone**! The Christian Identity works of Dr W.A. Smith receive a particular clobbering and I am surprised to see David Irving's **Uprising** included. If these iniquitous book-banners prevail, Canadians will be no freer than inhabitants of the Soviet Union to question the "official" version of history authorised by Big Brother. And I wouldn't be surprised to find that this is a trial balloon and will be shortly introduced in other countries that pass for the "free world."

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OLDER readers may remember Beachcomber, the satirist who wrote a column in the **Daily Express** for many years. He would invent all manner of incredible people and situations, but he never imagined anything as fantastic as happens now in real life.... such as the Labour-controlled Leicester City Council that has decided "ageism" must be included with "sexism" and "racism" as crimes against humanity. What the Council doubtless has in mind is a youth calling an elder a "silly old fool", but what if the aged one retorts with "brainless young twit"? And how would a "middle-aged moron" fare for compensation?

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THE DARKEST HOUR IS JUST BEFORE DAWN

by ROBERT BERGIN

THE Marian Year is almost over as this is being written. It was proclaimed by the Holy Father to stir the consciences of the Catholic people, perhaps in regard to the Fatima message. There was great confidence in Fatima itself that Pope John-Paul II would close the Marian Year at the Shrine on August 15th, but no plans for this were announced. It has to be admitted that the celebration of the Marian Year by the Catholic clergy and people has been extremely lukewarm. It seems that none of the national Hierarchies in the Western world issued proclamations welcoming this initiative by the Pope.

It was already evident in the early voting at Vatican II that many of the bishops were lukewarm, if not hostile, to devotion to Mary. Pope John XXIII had set the tone for this by a remarkable statement that he made to an audience of ten thousand priests in the vast Hall of Benedictions in the Vatican palace in January 1961. After warning the priests that they must read, and re-read, the regulations of the Rome Synod, he went on to use the words that shocked the Catholic world of those times: "Such reading is important, even more than the solicitous care for the cultivation of some perhaps excessive particular practices and devotions in the very cult of the Madonna...and of some saints through which practices our good people sometimes give a display of religiosity."

The Pope had just read the Third Secret of Fatima. He was aware that the Fatima message itself called for a vast increase in devotion to Mary. Pope John read the Third Secret and treated it with scant respect, even with disdain. He instructed a Vatican aide to "confine it to secret archives." A correspondent in Rome at the time stated that this was a euphemism for "dump it; get rid of it."

Apocalyptic Warnings

As we know now, the Secret Letter contained warnings of Apocalyptic events to come if Our Lady's requests were not carried out. Pope John flatly contradicted this grave warning in his opening address to the Council. He had no time for gloomy prophets, he said. He saw only a rosy future ahead for the Church and for mankind. Even as he spoke, millions of his flock were groaning under the brutal tyranny of the various Communist governments around the world. A few months after his statement about "excessive devotions in the cult of the Madonna" Pope John XXIII was to proceed with an initiative which would have devastating effects on the Church's ability to protect itself from the "error from Russia," the most cruel and ruthless enemy it had faced in its long history. The following is excerpted from the magazine **Apropos:**

Pope John XXIII made an agreement with the Russian Orthodox Church "whereby the Patriarchate of Moscow accepted the Pope's invitation to send observers to the Council, and the Pope, for his part, guaranteed that the Council would avoid condemning Communism." The negotiations took place at Metz in August 1962 and concluded with an agreement signed by Metropolitan Nikodim for the Orthodox Church and by Cardinal Tisserant, Dean of the Sacred College, for the Holy See. This agreement was first made public by **France Nouvelle**, bulletin of the French Commu-

nist Party, in its number for 16-22 January, 1963. It was hushed up or ignored by the press and this was reinforced by a policy of silence willed and imposed by the Pope himself. "But this agreement had a powerful negative effect on the course of the Council, where the appeal of several hundred of the Fathers for a renewal of the condemnation of Communism was rejected in line with Rome's agreement with Moscow."

K.G.B. Agents

It was well known at the time that the Russian Orthodox Patriarchate was simply an arm of the Communist clique ruling in the Kremlin. In an encyclical published by a Synod of the Orthodox Church outside Russia, the bishops declared the Moscow Patriarchate anathema, insisting that "it is infested with agents of Communism," that it is in "close, active and benevolent co-operation" with the godless Soviet Government, that it shows a "zealous concern for the success of the world Communist movement." In this encyclical the free Russian Bishops point out that the Moscow Patriarchate condemned the rebellion against the Communist regime in Hungary; vilifies the self-sacrificing efforts of America in the defence of Korea, South Vietnam, and of Asia in general from communism; has falsely accused America of the use of bacteriological warfare; approves the Soviet oppression of Czechoslovakia; condemns the defensive measures of free countries against Communism; conducts church conferences with propaganda-filled resolutions in the interests of the Communist movement; and thus with the name of Christ and with the robes of the Church covers up the blatant crimes of the communist regime.

It was the Russian Orthodox bishops who were received as honoured guests and observers at Vatican II by Pope John XXIII. It is certain that militant atheism's political arm, Communism, received a tremendous lift from the Rome-Moscow Agreement. All criticism of it was forbidden and the enforcement of this was ruthlessly carried out by Cardinal Montini (later Paul VI) acting on behalf of John XXIII. No warnings were to be given to the faithful about the dangers of Communism, even though Pius XII had excommunicated those who voted for Communist candidates in the Italian elections in the early 'fifties. Marxism, in the form of "liberation theology" penetrated with ease into Catholic seminaries and universities.

There was a pope once who was posthumously excommunicated for failing to condemn a heresy. His name was Honorius I. At the Sixth Ecumenical Council held at Constantinople in 680-681 Honorius was formally excommunicated and anathematised by the Council Fathers because "by his negligence he blew up the flame of heresy." But Pope John XXIII not only did not condemn the greatest of all heresies - militant atheism - <u>he forbade anyone else to condemn it</u>, and he received its agents as honoured guests at the Council that he convened, Vatican II. Is it likely that Pope John XXIII will be posthumously excommunicated and cursed by an Ecumenical Council to come, as Honorius was? An honest examination of the two cases indicates that John XXIII was far more guilty than Honorius, for the harm done to souls by the Rome-Moscow Agreement is immeasurable, utterly beyond calculation. Because he despised the Secret Letter of Fatima he became blind to the terrible menace of atheistic Communism about which the Secret Letter warned, and against which his own predecessors had uttered such trenchant warnings.

A dark hour indeed we face now. But we are inspired and consoled by Our Lady herself who also foretold a brilliant victory.

THEY WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN

WITH deepest regret we record the deaths of two long standing and ardent supporters of this journal and its crusade. Their lives and works will serve as an inspiration not only to those of us who knew them, but also to all who now fight in the cause of restoring sovereign Britain.

Pierre Hofstetter, born at Lausanne in 1929, was a journalist with a vast knowledge of British and American politics. Having started his journalistic career in Paris, he came to London in 1950, where he remained ever since. Only the French and the Swiss, however, recognised his enormous talent for observing world affairs. He contributed many articles to the periodical, **Defence de L'Occident**, including informative reports on A.K. Chesterton and the League of Empire Loyalists.

H.R.G. 'Stan' Standish was a legend and a man to be respected. A veteran of Arnheim, he later became one of six men selected for attachment to the British 22 S.A.S. during the days of the Central African Federation. He remained in Rhodesia after independence and when aged 62 was the oldest paratrooper in the Rhodesian Army. Stan's dedication and example during the Bush War against Mugabe's terrorists rabble was an influence to many.

COMPETITION FOR BRITISH ACTION

TO mark our 35th anniversary and to spur on those of you who have our country's welfare at heart and are prepared to do something about it, we are running the following competition. We want to find three readers who can excel at the following:

1. RECRUITING the largest number of new subscribers to **Candour.**
2. WRITING the best article outlining the case for British sovereignty.
3. SECURING the liveliest piece of media publicity (not "Letters to the Editor) against our increasing absorption in the European Community.

The prizes will be a case of South African wine and two specially bound volumes of Elizabeth Freeman's **Traditionalists' Anthology** and a selection of the very best writing from **Candour**'s 35 years.

THE HEALTH HAZARDS OF NOT GOING NUCLEAR - AGAIN!

"FOR years our environmentalists have chanted that nothing was more wicked than nuclear power. Alas, it now seems clear that the most immediate environmental horrors facing the world are caused by every possible alternative to nuclear power. It is the burning of fossil fuels which is the major cause of the 'greenhouse effect'. It is the tearing down and burning for fuel of the forests of Ethiopia and Nepal which exacerbates the flood disasters in Sudan and Bangladesh. In a period of only six months last year, it is estimated that four per cent of the entire Amazonian rain forest was pointlessly burnt, adding further huge quantities of carbon gas to the atmosphere. The day may soon come when we shall see demonstrators picketing public enquiries with placards reading 'Greenpeace Says Yes To Nuclear Power' and demanding a P.W.R. in every backyard as the only 'safe' alternative." - Peter Simple in **The Daily Telegraph**, 7/9/88.

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